

When star falls in  
tremor at the tables  
awake gambler's chance  
it is just a glance.

A trance spinning in the  
wake of star pieces  
life torn off a song.

There are no self help programs  
hard starlet in mad beads.  
Play All. Sweet kid  
don't run down that  
super box protruding  
sailing over, suspended,  
eternal gash you are  
on now, no need to take  
your place with the  
same people of eternity.

Cast this spell on  
neon dye tonight, dark moon,  
for tomorrow that ounce  
of stardust will be  
wiped from Cadillac chrome.  
Unnoticed by skyway hawks.

-- Charles Plymell

New York, New York

#### EVERYONE HAS PUBIC HAIR

I saw this man -- he was all head -- I mean,  
he had a head & the rest of his body narrowed  
into a spoon. He was scooping up portions of  
a huge cake & trying to fling it into his  
mouth but not being a flexible spoon all he  
could do was dance, bouncing his spoon into the  
cake & falling onto the back of his head.

As a result of his inability to be flexible  
he started eschewing, degrading & hating  
the cake. He even went so far as to put paste-  
on pubic hair on his spoon trying to give the  
appearance of a "natural human being."

It fooled everybody but the cake, which knew  
it wasn't being eaten.